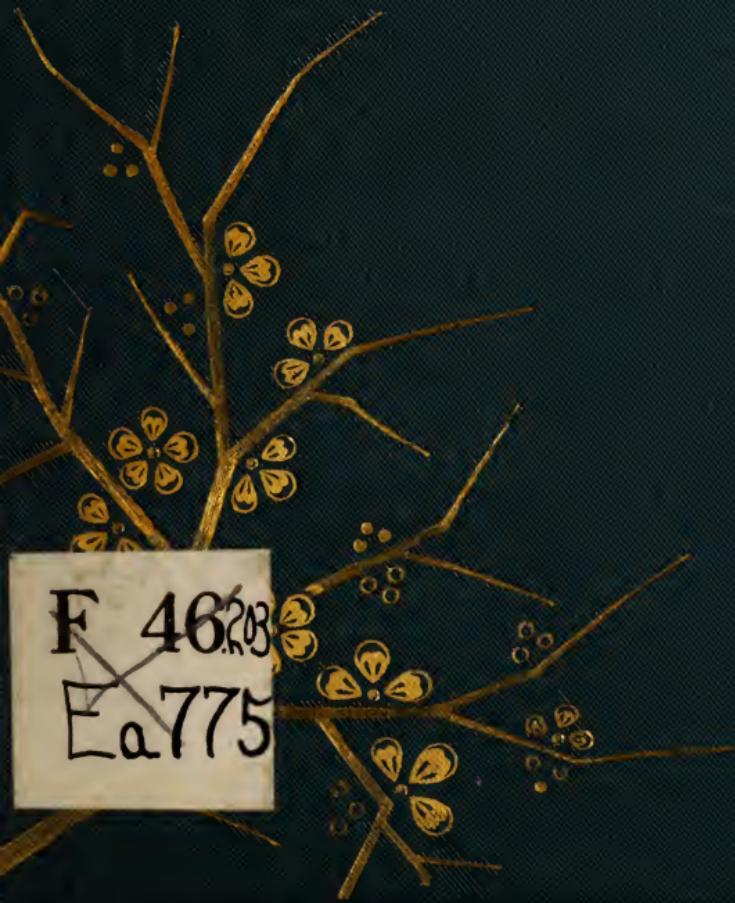


Easter Dawn.



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For

My dear Love.

Easter Day.

1880.



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Easter Dawn.



Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Far and wide in splendor breaks:
 Darkest shadows flee away
 Where it breaks.
Veiled in its vernal light
Christ the Light of Light arose,
 From the grave's unbroken night,
 He arose.

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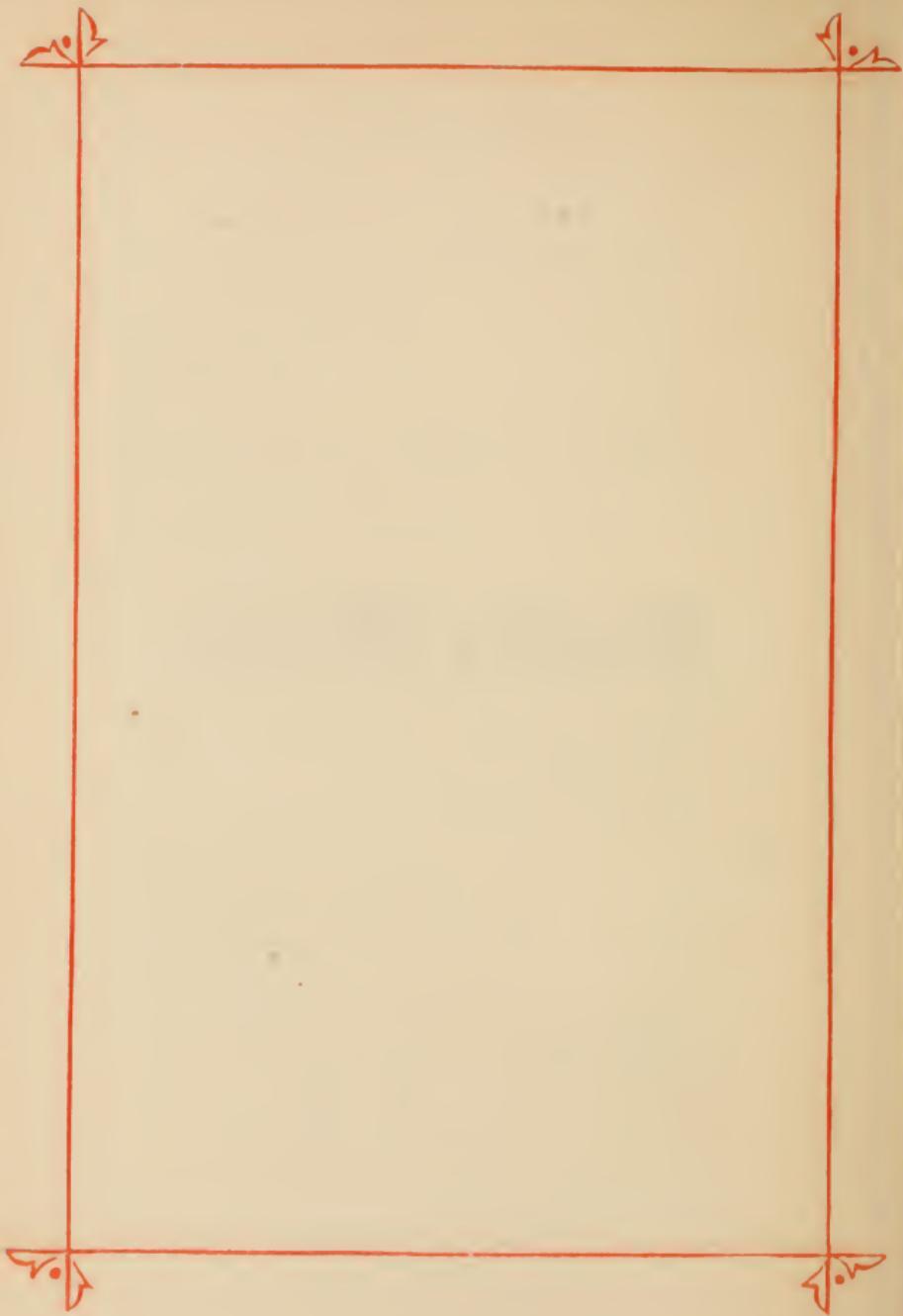
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A CHILD'S EASTER, - - - - -	40
AN EASTER CAROL, - - - - -	9
AN EASTER LEGEND, - - - - -	59
AN EASTER MORNING, - - - - -	46
AN EASTER TEACHING, - - - - -	49
A SONG OF THANKS, - - - - -	36
AT EASTER TIME, - - - - -	52
CHRIST IS RISEN, - - - - -	20
EASTER, - - - - -	15
EASTER DAYS, - - - - -	24
EASTER DAY, - - - - -	86
EASTER LILIES, - - - - -	16
EASTER LILIES, - - - - -	34
EASTER TIDE, - - - - -	45
GOLDEN LIGHT STREAKS EARLY DAY, -	80
"HE IS RISEN," - - - - -	13
I SAY TO ALL MEN, FAR AND NEAR, -	72

	PAGE
“LIFE FOR US IS IN HIS DYING !” -	64
LIFT UP, LIFT UP, YOUR VOICES NOW, -	62
MORTIS PORTIS, - - - - -	38
NOT HERE, - - - - -	27
OH, ROUSE THEE, EARTH, AND ROBE THY- SELF, - - - - -	32
OUR LIFE, - - - - -	11
PLAUDITE CŒLI, - - - - -	18
RESURGAM, - - - - -	57
“RING OUT, SWEET EASTER BELLS,” -	7
SEE THE LAND HER EASTER KEEPING, -	85
SHOUT ALOUD, O EARTH AND HEAVEN ! -	22
THE LIGHT OF LIFE, - - - - -	89
THE MIGHTY WONDER, - - - - -	29
THE RESURRECTION FLOWER, - - - - -	54
THE RISING, - - - - -	69
THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY, -	83
TRUE EASTER, - - - - -	67
‘TWAS NIGHT ! STILL NIGHT ! - - - - -	75

Easter Dawn.



“RING OUT, SWEET EASTER BELLS!”

RING out, sweet Easter bells, ring out !

The world to life is waking,
And heavenly hosts in triumph shout,
The joy of man partaking ;
For He who died our souls to save,
The Lord is risen from the grave.
Alleluia !

Once more the sea its wave divides,

That we our Lord may follow ;
Then o'er the foe in triumph rides,
The hosts of sin to swallow ;

For He who saved us from our doom,
The Lord is risen from the tomb.

Alleluia !

8 "RING OUT, SWEET EASTER BELLS."

The Roman guard in vain shall keep
The dark and silent prison ;
No more sad Magdalene shall weep,
For Christ the Lord is risen :
The Saviour, Who for sinners bled,
The Lord is risen from the dead.
Alleluia !

Then ring, sweet bells, the joy of earth
In Easter hymns to Heaven,
And tell the new, Immortal Birth
Of man by Christ forgiven ;
For our dear Lord is risen indeed,
And lives on high to intercede.

Alleluia ! Amen.

JOHN ANKETELL, A.M.

AN EASTER CAROL.

HAIL, Day of Days !
Day of which prophets have spoken,
Day on which death's night is broken,
Welcome to Thy healing rays !
Hail, Day of Light, Day of Days !

Hail, Day of Days !
Sun of Peace, radiant and glorious,
Rising o'er darkness victorious,
Shine on our sin-clouded ways !
Hail, Day of Light, Day of Days !

Hail, Day of Days !
Hoping and trusting, believing,
Unto the dust no more cleaving,
Into the tomb do we gaze—
Hail, Day of Light, Day of Days !

Hail, Day of Days !
He is not here—He is risen,
Bursting the bonds of death's prison,
Freeing our hearts in His praise—
Hail, Day of Light, Day of Days !

Hail, Day of Days !
Born in the dew of Thy morning,
Hope is the soul's life adorning,
E'en while the body decays—
Hail, Day of Light, Day of Days !

Hail, Day of Days !
Now to the Father in heaven,
Son, and the Spirit be given ;
As from the earliest days,
Evermore, evermore, praise !

H. HASTINGS WELD, D.D.

OUR LIFE.

TELL all the world the Lord is risen—
The Easter message, ever new ;
The grave is but a ruined prison—
Invisible, the life breaks through.

Earth can not long ensepulchre
In her dark depths the tiniest seed ;
When life begins to throb and stir,
The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clods its upward course deter,
Calmly it makes its path to-day ;
One germ of life is mightier
Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirred,
Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,
But lived at His creative word,
Responsive to the life in Him.

Since, then, the life that He bestows
Thus triumphs over death and earth ;
What power of earth or death can close
The Fountain whence all life has birth ?

And, as the last up-springing grain
Breathes still the resurrection song,
That light the victory shall gain,
That death is weak, and life is strong ;

So with immortal vigor rise,
The lowliest life that faith has freed,
Bears witness still that Christ is life,
And that the Life is risen indeed !

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

“HE IS RISEN.”

VERY early in the morning,
Ere the light shone in the East—
Ere the stars announced the dawning
Of the day—at God’s behest :—
Early to the tomb of Jesus
Came the loving watchers near ;—
But two shining ones approached them,
Saying: “Jesus is not here !”

“He is risen !”—Lord of Glory !
“He is risen !”—earth to bless !
Risen with the wings of healing ;—
Risen—Lord of Righteousness !
Vanquished now are sin and Satan !
Conquered, man’s last, cruel foe !
Christ hath Death’s strong fortress taken,
That the world His peace may know.

Peace which passeth understanding !
Peace that earth takes not away !
Peace within the soul abiding,
Ruling all with gentle sway.
Strength, by which to battle daily
With the powers of hell and sin ;
Grace, to conquer in the conflict,
If His kingdom we would win.

These our risen Saviour gives us ;—
Gives lost man—for whom He died ;
Man, created in God's image,
And with angels close allied ;—
That as Christ from death has risen,
Man may from *Sin's* death arise ;
Soar above to highest heaven,
Through the Saviour's sacrifice.

JULIA H. PORTER.

E A S T E R .

THE icy arms of Winter half unclose,
The world is full of subtile growth and
bloom,
And Spring, a fragile, tender child, is rocked
Within a cradle that is Winter's tomb :
Along the slumbrous air a whisper runs ;
It fills the solemn silence like a tune ;
It softly calls, " Awake ! dear blossoms, all,
And ope your eyes to greet the golden noon.
Awake ! the Resurrection Day has come !
The Lord Himself has led the way from
prison ;
Put on your whitest robes, O lily bells,
And chime the anthem, ' Christ the Lord is
risen ! ' "

MARY R. HIGHAM.

EASTER LILIES.

THE Lord is risen ! From out the garden
tomb,

Set amid lilies' fair and fragrant bloom,
The Conqueror, triumphant from the dead,
Bright and serene, uplifts His royal head.

Scent of His garments' spicery and balm
Distills through all the garden. Pure and calm,
His loving glance, emerging from the tomb,
Rests on the lilies, hallowing all their bloom.

Glad shines the golden sun on Easter Day !
A healing beam gilds earth with brightest ray.
Amid the lilies Christ hath second birth,
A risen Lord is here revealed to earth.

First fruit of them that sleep ! Oh ! mighty Lord,
Forever be Thy holy name adored !
Hope of the world ! Oh ! Conqueror over death,
Shed o'er our souls the lilies' odorous breath ;

That, with pure heart and spotless hand, we may
Lift up to Thee, our songs on Easter Day,
While in each heart, released from sin's dark
tomb,
The lily of Thy holy love may bloom.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

PLAUDITE CŒLI.

E XULT, O bright heaven,
Laugh, dewy-lipped air,
From morn until even—
Be joy everywhere !

Where swept the dark tempest
Stands up the tall palm,
And steals through its fair crest
A radiance calm.

Come forth, O sweet spring-tide,
Come forth, ye fair flowers,
On every bright hill-side
Be beautiful bowers !—
Blue violets tender,
With red roses bold,
And white lilies slender,
Amid marigold.

Break forth like a river,
Oh, joy-burst of praise !
Let every string quiver
In thrill of amaze !
For Jesus is risen,
And comes, as He said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead !

Exult, O ye mountains,
Ye valleys reply,
Ring back, hills and fountains,
The jubilant cry !
All hail ! He is risen,
And comes, as He said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead !

Translated by

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D.D.

“ CHRIST IS RISEN.”

CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
Glory to the Father’s name.
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Go, the joyful news proclaim !
Death forever He hath conquered,
And He reigneth now on high ;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
God the Saviour glorify.

Shout Hosanna ! shout Hosanna !
He is Victor ! He is Victor !
O’er the terrors of the grave !
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen,
All His children He will save !

All ye nations, bow before Him,
He is God forever-more !
With the Father now He reigneth,
Heaven and earth His name adore.
He hath opened to His people
Glory's gate eternally,
Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
Spread the news from sea to sea.
Shout Hosanna !

Come ye ransomed, to His temple,
Sound His triumph to the skies !
Come ye faithful, ye repentant,
With your risen Lord arise.
See we now our soul's redemption,
Jesus died and rose again,
Christ is risen, Christ is risen,
Life of all believing men.
Christ is risen, Amen.

ANONYMOUS.

SHOUT ALOUD ! O, EARTH AND
HEAVEN.

SHOUT aloud ! O, earth and heaven !
Angels join the glad refrain !
Christ, for man, Himself has given ;
Christ has died, but lives again !

Hail ! thou glorious Easter morning ;
Day of joy beyond compare !
Angels hailed thy golden dawning,
Found the stone no longer there.

Found the grave no longer bound Him,
Found Death's victory was o'er ;
Christ, new glory shining round Him,
Reigns in heaven forevermore.

Christ has died ! O, wondrous story !

Died ! our sinful race to save.

Can we bear this added glory ?

Christ has risen from the grave !

Risen ! that we may dwell forever

With the Lord in heaven above ;

Nothing now from Him can sever

Those for whom He showed such love.

All ye nations now adore Him,

Cast your offerings at His feet ;

Bring sweet flowers to lay before Him,

And glad hymns of joy repeat.

Shout again, O, earth and heaven !

Saints and angels, swell the strain !

Christ, for man, Himself has given,

Christ has died, but lives again !

ANONYMOUS.

EASTER DAY.

I.

Romans viii. 2; St. Luke xxiv. 34; Isaiah lxi. 1; Psalm xxiv. 7.

BRIGHT day of freedom, Easter Day !

All hail our risen King !

Restored, redeemed, the sons of God,

New hymns of triumph sing.

No more shall Israel captive mourn,

Set free from death and sin ;

Fair Zion's gates their heads lift up,

And Jesus enters in.

II.

² Chron. v. 13; Lev. ix. 24; Numbers xxviii. 6; Exodus xxx. 1, 7; Rev. viii. 4.

Again above her mercy-seat

The cloud of glory burns,

To Salem's altar now in peace

The sacred fire returns.

Sweet incense kindled at that flame
Perfumes the joyous air
With benediction of His grace,
And hallowed breath of prayer.

III.

Isaiah lxi. 3 ; Col. iii. 1.
Thy glorious beauty, risen Lord,
Crown every humble brow !
Where contrite grief had ashes spread,
Pour oil of gladness now.
Baptismal robe of praise and grace,
Jesu ! for sackcloth give,
If risen indeed, O Lord, with Thee,
Help us in Thee to live.

IV.

Isaiah vi. 6, 7 ; Rev. viii. 1 ; St. Luke xxiv. 35 ; St. John vi. 51.

A living coal of Heavenly fire
Hath touched the lips of praise ;

Where silence dwelt, glad music swells
Through everlasting days.

O, Saviour, open Thou our eyes,
Feed us with living bread,
That we may know Thy presence, Lord,
And with Thyself be fed.

D. C. R.

NOT HERE.

COME see the place where Jesus lay,
He is not here ; the angels say
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

Before the rising of the sun,
Came Mary and the other one
To find the mighty marvel done !

Then failing Peter, loving John,
Did speed the precious tidings on,
And doubting Thomas, too, anon.

How well that guard the prison kept !
How joyously the saints who slept
To life at His arising leapt !

This is the thing that we have heard :
This is His own fulfillèd Word ;
Are not our hearts within us stirred ?

Oh, rocky tomb, with riven door,
And sacred shroud and hallowed floor
. And victory gained forevermore !

Oh, risen Saviour ! God and Lord !
Be with our lips and hearts adored
In songs of sweet and full accord !

Let buds and blooms and garlands gay
Tell forth in all their rich array
Immortal life to mortal clay.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
Believe, rejoice, then go your way,
Tell all the world 'tis Easter Day.

Christus resurrexit !

L. H. M.

THE MIGHTY WONDER.

CHRIST hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?

Watching soldiers fell as dead,
Reading in the lightning dread,
Fearful looking-for of doom :
View I, thus, the empty tomb ?

Christ hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?
Freedom from death's broken chains ;
Life, with Him in light who reigns ;
Harvest of our hopeful tears,
With His dead, when Christ appears.

Christ hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?
Must I place, at His command,
On His wounds my shrinking hand ?
Trembling, touch His riven side,
Ere my faith in Him abide ?

Christ hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?
Dare I ask Him, Who art Thou ?
Late the Victim, Victor now ?
Rather, clinging to His feet,
I my Lord and Saviour greet.

Christ hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?
Lord—Rabboni ! Lord—mine own !
Fully as if mine alone ;
Call me by my name as Thine,
And I know that Thou art mine.

Christ hath risen ! What, to me,
May this mighty wonder be ?
Signèd with Thy Cross I am,
Call me by my Christian name ;
Saviour, risen from the dead,
Break to me the living bread.

H. HASTINGS WELD, D.D.

“OH ! ROUSE THEE, EARTH, AND
ROBE THYSELF.”

O H ! rouse thee, earth, and robe thyself
For the glad Easter Day ;

The season of thy sad lament
Has passed, this morn, away.

Bring forth thy choicest blossoms fair,
Thine Easter offerings rich and rare !

Our burdens 'neath the Cross we laid
At the dear Saviour's feet ;
Lo ! in their place the lilies spring,
Laden with perfume sweet,
And close about the Cross they twine,
In all their purity to shine.

So glad a song the people sing
To chime of Easter bells !
That e'en thy breast, oh, happy earth !
With joyous rapture swells.
And flowers upspringing everywhere
Breathe forth their joy upon the air.
Ring out, ye bells, the Easter chime !
Ring out your melody !
This day our hearts from weight of woe
Rise merrily and free.
And, like the lilies pure and white,
Shine 'neath the Easter's glad sunlight.
Oh ! rouse thee, earth, and robe thyself,
For this glad time of praise,
And yield thy choicest offerings
As we the chorus raise—
Of joy and peace and sins forgiven,
Through Him by whom we enter heaven.

EASTER LILIES.

DARLINGS of June and brides of summer sun,

Chill pipes the stormy wind, the skies are drear;

Dull and despoiled the gardens every one;

What do you here?

We looked to see your gracious blooms arise

'Mid soft and wooing airs in gardens green,

Where venturesome brown bees and butter-flies

Should hail you queen.

Here is no bee nor glancing butterfly;

They fled on rapid wings before the snow;

Your sister lilies laid them down to die,

Long, long ago.

And here amid the slowly dropping rain
We keep our Easter feast, with hearts whose
care
Mars the high cadence of each lofty strain,
Each thankful prayer.

But not a shadow dims your joyance sweet,
No baffled hope or memory darkly clad ;
You lay your whiteness at the Lord's dear feet,
And all are glad.

Oh coward soul, arouse thee and draw near,
Led by these fragrant acolytes to-day !
Let thy sweet confidence rebuke thy fear,
Thy cold delay.

Come with thy darkness to the healing light !
Come with thy bitter, which shall be made sweet !
And lay thy soil beside the lilies white,
At His dear feet !

A SONG OF THANKS.

THANK God for the dear ones safe to-day,
Safe at home on the happy shore,
Where the smile of the Father beams for aye,
And the shadow of pain shall fall no more.
Thank God for the hearts that have done with
sin,
For the eyes that shall never be blind with
tears,
Thank God for the beautiful, entered in
To the perfect rest of the deathless years.

Thank God to-day for the pilgrim feet
Which have trodden the last of the toilsome
way,
For the strong, for the frail, for the babes so
sweet
Who have left forever this crumbling clay,

Who have changed earth's trial and loss and
moan,

For the victor's palm, and the voice of praise,
Who dwell in the sight of the great white
throne,

And join in the songs which the ransomed
raise.

Thank God to-day for the hope sublime

Which fills our souls in the darkest hours,
Thank God that the transient cares of time

Are wreathed in the glory of fadeless flow-
ers.

Thank God for the rift in the desolate grave,

'Tis the soldier's couch, not the captive's
prison ;

He hallowed its portal, who died to save,

And we write o'er its arch, "The Lord is
risen ! "

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MORTIS PORTIS.

BROKEN is death's portal ;
Hail the victory,
For the King Immortal
Stronger is than he.
Now the tyrant cruel
From the throne is torn,
By the mighty duel
Round the cross forlorn.

Down the darkness dreary
Streams the light of day,
Like a morning cheery,
Driving night away.
For our God and Maker,
Pitying our pain,
Comes to be the breaker
Of our iron chain.

We in sin were lying,
Helpless under doom,
Given up to dying,
Captive to the tomb ;
Then in mercy tender
Came Immanuel down,
Laying by His splendor,
Putting off His crown.

And our nature mortal
Did the King put on,
Standing in the portal,
Our true champion :
Dead the foe lies under
His triumphant feet.
Oh, the joy and wonder !
Sing with praises sweet !

PETRUS VENERABILIS.

Translated by

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D.D.

A CHILD'S EASTER.

HAD I been there, when Christ, our Lord,
 lay sleeping
Within that tomb in Joseph's garden fair,
I would have watched all night beside my
 Saviour,—

Had I been there.

Close to the hard, cold stone my soft cheek
 pressing,
I should have thought my head lay on His
 breast ;
And dreaming that His dear arms were about
 me,
 Have sunk to rest.

All thro' the long, dark night when others
slumbered,

Close, close beside Him still I would have
stayed,

And, knowing how He loved the little children,
Ne'er felt afraid.

“To-morrow,” to my heart I would have
whispered,

“I will rise early in the morning hours,
And wand’ring o’er the hillside I will gather
The fairest flowers.

“Tall, slender lilies (for my Saviour loved
them,

And tender words about their beauty spake),
And golden buttercups, and glad-eyed daisies,
But just awake.

“ ‘ Grass of the field ’ in waving, feath’ry beauty,
He clothed it with that grace, so fair but brief,
Mosses all soft and green, and crimson berry,
With glossy leaf.

“ While yet the dew is sparkling on the blos-
soms
I’ll gather them, and lay them at His feet,
And make the blessed place where He is sleep-
ing
All fair and sweet.

“ The birds will come, I know, and sing above
Him,
The sparrows whom He cared for when awake,
And they will fill the air with joyous music
For His dear sake.”

And, thinking thus, the night would soon be
passing,
Fast drawing near that first, glad Easter light.
Ah, Lord, if I could but have seen Thee leaving
The grave's dark night,

I would have kept so still, so still, and clasping
My hands together as I do in prayer,
I would have knelt, rev'rent, but oh, so happy !—
Had I been there.

Perhaps He would have bent one look upon me ;
Perhaps, in pity for that weary night,
He would have laid on my uplifted forehead
A touch so light ;

And all the rest of life I should have felt it,
A sacred sign upon my brow imprest,
And ne'er forget that precious, lovely vigil,
So richly blest.

Dear Lord, thro' death and night I was not
near Thee ;
But in Thy risen glory can rejoice,
So, loud and glad in song this Easter morning,
Thou'l hear my voice.

ANNIE T. SLOSSON.

EASTER-TIDE.

O RISEN Christ ! Thou art the Door,
The ever-shining Way ;
The blessed Easter-gate of life,
That opens to the day !

To Thee, glad lustrous lilies white,
Meet Easter-type, we bring ;
We chant, " The Lord is risen indeed ! "
First fruits of coming Spring !

The spot that was Thy guarded tomb,
Now, with its angel guest,
Seems but the lighted portal fair,
Whence pass we to our rest.

All praise, our risen Lord, to Thee,
For love that conquers death ;
For faith that maketh quick to hear
One word that " Jesus saith. "

M. K. A. S.

AN EASTER MORNING.

IN the far-off Land of the Sunrise,
In the early Easter-morn,
Where the winds of heaven breathe softest,
My sweet heart-flower was born.

Did I stand between it and heaven
That it faded away so soon ?
Or the warmth of my heart-love scorch it,
Like the heat of a burning noon ?

For it faded, it faded,—I watched it,
And the plant from which it grew,
It withered, it withered before me,
For the lack of the heavenly dew.

I carried my plant and my flower,
I carried them over the sea ;
I thought perhaps in the home-land
They would bloom again for me.

But they faded, oh, they faded !
And I stand at the Easter-dawn ;
But what if my plant has withered,
And what if my flower has gone ?

I will work through all life's harvest,
And will hide the secret pain,
While I care for the flowers of others,
And help to gather the grain.

I will wait till the south winds blow
In the time of the springing corn ;
I will wait to see my flower
At its resurrection morn.

In the love of the holy Christ,
I will watch for that Easter Day,
When glorious will be the beauty
Of the flower I laid away.

And glorious will be the beauty
Of the plant that once was mine,
At that celestial sunrise,
Bathed in the dews divine.

For the love of my plant and flower,
To the Easter glories born,
In the love of Christ, I wait
For that resurrection morn.

J. HOPE ARTHUR.

AN EASTER TEACHING.

AS blossoms, songs of birds, and green turf
springing

Alone make not our welcome northern spring,
So Easter flowers and bright-eyed children
singing
Not of themselves the joyful festal bring.

What if to Mary in the dewy morning
The garden's freshness had been all she
sought?

If to the flowers those leafy aisles adorning
She had poured out the spices that she
brought?

If her rapt ear amid the sheen and glisten
And music which that garden might afford,

Had failed for deeper, holier tones to listen,
She would have missed the message of her
Lord.

The spring a presence is instinct and living,
Folding past winter in her grave away
Ev'n as the ris'n Christ, our new life giving,
Cast off His grave-clothes upon Easter-day.

Yet are there multitudes forever missing
The inner meaning of our holiest things,
Who only see the Easter sunshine kissing
A world of spirits that have lost their wings.

They bend before God's altars, where are twin-
ing
His flowers of gorgeous hue and rich per-
fume,
But never see the angel whiteness shining
Around the portals of an empty tomb.

They join the anthem grandly there upraising
Their "Allelujahs" from the garden's sod,
But never learn from His sweet "Mary," prais-
ing
Unto the Master and the risen God.

Like flowers, themselves in fresh attire clothing,
With outward sheen, their outward forms
they wreath ;
But cast not off with deep repentant loathing
Sin's tattered grave-clothes closely wrapped
beneath.

But saintly souls will pierce the inner meaning,
Will find in beauty's heart the throb of love,
And from the Easter jubilance be gleaning
The life whose full perfection is above.

M. E. WINSLOW.

AT EASTER TIME.

FIVE times, sweet heart, have song-birds
said

Their matins o'er thy little mound,
Since all our lives were overspread
With anguish which no words have found.

Five times, sweet heart, have Easter flowers
On chancel-rail and altar-stair
Been strewn, by loving hands of ours,
To greet the dear Christ's coming there.

And He will know. His loving heart
Will feel it, and will understand
Why from the flowers we bring a part
And lay them, with a trembling hand,

Upon this little sacred place,
With faith and hope beyond our pain.
We trust, dear Christ, Thy words of grace;
Our precious dead "shall rise again."

M. E. N.

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.*

HE folded his hands across his breast,
As token that toils should cease ;
And his pallid face had a look of rest,
That startled them with its peace.

So weary had been the stress and strife,
So chafing the trials past !
And now like a loosened bark his life
Was drifting away at last.

They had not the heart to signal him,
With even a touch or tone ;
As out to the sea unknown and dim
They watched as he went alone.

* The Virginia name for the Daffodil or Easter flower.

They knew that the pilot who held the helm
Would guide to the furthest verge ;
Nor suffer a fear to overwhelm,
Nor suffer a wave to merge.

And so, as they sat with hushing breath,
Too burdened, too awed to speak,
There burst on the silent room of death
A child, with a flashing cheek.

“ Ah, see ! ” she said, “ it is sweet and bright,
And brimmed to the edge with dew.
It hurried to open its leaves last night,
To be ready in time for you.”

She knew not, the darling, what she did,
As her childish thought she told ;
Nor what was the mystic meaning hid
In that delicate cup of gold.

For over the greening April land
Had broken the Easter hour,
And the flower she laid in the dying hand
Was a Resurrection Flower.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

RESURGAM.

WHAT if the earth hath seen no Easter-day,

No white - robed angels splendoring the gloom ?

What if that stone was never rolled away,

No place left vacant in the world's vast tomb ?

After Golgotha's agony and shame,

Oh ! what, my soul, if Christ rose not again ?

For sweetest love is slain and none to save,

Joy turns to ashes even in my grasp ;

My outstretched hand within the open grave

Bears witness now that there is none to clasp,

I have been thrall to Love and found it sweet.

Has it no hope but Death's eternal sleep ?

Oh ! pale lips broken by this bitter cry !

Oh ! eyes of dry despair without a tear !

Faith in the vaults of Death sits starrily

And sings : " The Christ is risen, He is not
here.

Come see the place where the Deliverer lay—

The empty place, that could not hold its prey."

For our Redeemer lives, so Love shall live.

Our fair, sweet hopes are heirs of earth and
sky.

What greater grace or guerdon would we give

To our Beloved than Immortality ?

His Word our surety 'mid all doubt and strife :

" I am the Resurrection and the Life."

LILLIE E. BARR.

AN EASTER LEGEND.

WHERE lay the stone, in Joseph's garden
fair,
By resurrection-angel rolled away,
There sprang, in later Easter-time,
A flower which ne'er before had seen the
day.

Close to the portal of that rock-hewn tomb,
Arose this emblem-flower, of grace untold,
As willing witness (so the legend runs)
Unto His rising, whom no grave could hold.

And now, by hidden virtue of its birth,
After long years, afar from where it grew,
This plant, though dry and lifeless to our ken,
Unfolds, upon the water's brink, anew.

Oh, wondrous type of life embalmed of death !

Of promised dawn beyond the “three
days’” grave !

Fair flow’ring of our glad Evangel-hope,
Sown by the Christ who died and rose to
save !

Dear token of that earliest Easter morn,
When, in the garden, Mary heard the voice
That waked her heart to life, and bade her
haste,
That Peter, too, the fallen, might rejoice !

Within the quiet garden of the soul,
Who works for God, no frost of death can
chill ;
He who created, knows each secret germ—
Christ is the Life, and “quickeneth whom
He will.”

And since a flower may symbolize His truth,
'Tis ours to water with our prayers and
tears
The *driest* plant—God's Resurrection Flower,
And He will bid it blossom through the
years !

M. K. A. S.

LIFT UP, LIFT UP, YOUR VOICES
NOW.

LIFT up, lift up, your voices now,
The whole wide world rejoices now,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard ;
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb
In pomp of triumph, Christ is come !

He binds in chains the ancient foe,
A countless host He frees from woe,
And Heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ hath risen and man shall rise.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share ;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ hath won and man may win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light ;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod ;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Alleluia raise to Thee ;
And ever, with the Heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

“LIFE FOR US IS IN HIS DYING!”

“LIFE for us is in His dying!”

So our humbled souls keep crying;
While the Lenten tears fall faster
At the grave that shrouds the Master,
Till within that gloomy garden
Shines His presence and His pardon—
Glimpse of Easter glory giving—
Then, “Our life is in His *living!*”

While He, patient, waits the voicing
Of our triumph and rejoicing,
Filled with our own hearts' devices
Still we bring our burial spices.
Yet the Love whose *taking* hallows
Our poor gifts of myrrh and aloes,
Rainbows e'en our tears, and raises
Broken, trembling prayers to praises.

Watcher where His grave glooms darken,
Lift thy shadowed soul, and hearken !

Hear the strong, triumphant singing
Of the risen in Christ, loud ringing
In glad anthems from the portals
Of the home of the Immortals !

“Sealed no longer death’s dark prison—
Christ, the Conqueror, is risen !”

Tarry not to place thy finger
In the wound where nail-prints linger ;
Leave the linen cloths that bound Him ;
Sing, with Mary, “ I have found Him ! ”
Be thy mighty *love* the token
That for thee His heart was broken.
Whom the living Christ hath shriven
Knows, e’en here, the peace of Heaven.

Death in Christ is dawning gladness ;
Life in Christ is robbed of sadness ;

66 "LIFE FOR US IS IN HIS DYING."

Faith in Christ that will not falter
Crowns with Easter bloom His altar,
Decks His shrine in sweetness vernal,
Lives with Christ the life eternal,
Tells, in song and chime and story,
All a risen Saviour's glory.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

TRUE EASTER.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast ;
Doth she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast ?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And " Christ is risen ! Yea, Christ is risen
indeed ! "

Long past is the Lenten moaning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light.
Set every song to gladness ;
Why should the Bride have sadness ?
Her " Lord is risen ! Her Lord is risen in-
deed ! "

He suffered *once* and forever
The cross, the smiting, and pain ;
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen ! Yea, He hath risen
indeed ! "

Always so ready to ease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the Living Jesus
May walk with us day by day.
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,
"The Christ is risen ! The Christ is risen
indeed ! "

LILLIE E. BARR.

THE RISING.

“ EASTER ! ” she said in grave but childish way,

Letting the playthings she was holding, fall ;
“ What do the folks mean, mamma, when
they say

That Easter Sunday is the best of all ? ”

I took the baby girl upon my knee,
And told the story of the Christ adored ;
Of His brief life, great love, and agony,
And how they crucified our blessed Lord.

“ They laid Him in the grave,” I said at last,
“ No one believing He would rise again ;
So when the three days that they waited, passed,
They looked to find Him, but they looked in
vain.

“ Death could not keep Him longer in its hold ;
He came again to His disciples’ place,
Their living Lord, and as they had been told
They saw their dear Redeemer face to face.

“ We keep that day as one most sweet and
glad ;
We love to think of Easter, and we say,
How can the world be gloomy, sick, or sad
When Christ the Lord has risen for us to-
day ? ”

The little face was earnest and intent ;
“ Why, mamma, that’s where sunrise comes,
you know !
Don’t you suppose that’s what the people
meant
When they said ‘ Easter ’? I’m just sure
it’s so ! ”

Oh baby lips, interpreting aright
That hidden meaning, making all so plain !
If so there dawns for us that heavenly light
Then Christ our Saviour has not lived in
vain.

C. B. LE ROW.

I SAY TO ALL MEN, FAR AND NEAR.

I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again ;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn,
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a father-land :
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
To Heaven at last shall come ;
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach the Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though her beloved sleep ;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare ;
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives : His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife ;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life !

From the German. Translated by

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

'TWAS NIGHT ! STILL NIGHT !

'TWAS night ! still night !

A solemn silence hung upon the scene ;
The keen, bright stars shone with unclouded
light,
Calm and serene.

Hushed was the Tomb :

The heavy stone before its entrance lay ;
No light broke in upon its silent gloom,
No starry ray.

The moonlight beamed ;

It hung above that garden soft and clear ;
Around the watchful guard its radiance gleamed
From helm and spear.

The Tomb was sealed ;
The watch patrolled before its entrance lone ;
The bright night every passing step revealed ;
None neared the stone.

Midnight had passed ;
The stars their lustrous shining had de-
creased,
And daybreak's earliest light was hastening
fast
In the pale east.

The morning star,
Last in the silent Heaven, withdrew its ray ;
And the white dawn, spreading its spectre
light,
Foretold the day.

An earthquake's shock,

Just at the break of morning shook the
ground,

And echoed from that rent and trembling rock
With startling sound.

The guards, amazed,

Fell to the earth in wonder and affright ;
And round the astonished spot, in glory blazed
A sudden Light.

An Angel there

Descended from the tranquil sky ;
The glory of his presence filled the air
All-radiantly.

He rolled away

From the still Sepulchre the mossy stone ;
And watching silent till the risen day,
He sat thereon.

78 'TWAS NIGHT! STILL NIGHT.

His garments white
Shone like the snow in its unsullied sheen ;
His face was like the lightning's gleaming light,
Dazzlingly seen.

All, all around
Was silence and suspense and listening
dread :
The stirless watch lay prostrate on the ground,
Hushed as the dead.

At break of day
The Saviour burst that Cavern's stillness deep,
Rising in conquest from Death's shattered sway
As from a sleep.

He rose in Power,
In all the strength of Godhead shining bright,
Fresh as the hallowed Morning's dewy hour,
Pure as its light.

He rose as God,
Rose as a mighty Victor strong to save,
Breaking Death's silent chain and unseen rod,
There in the Grave.

He rose on high,
While Angels hung around on soaring wing,
Wresting from the dark Grave its victory ;
From Death its sting.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

GOLDEN LIGHT STREAKS EARLY DAY.

GOLDEN light streaks early day—
Softly tread your sorrowing way ;
But what glorious vision meets,
And what sound the mourners greets ;
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

Praise the Lord, who mighty broke
Bands of death, as He had spoke ;
Praise the Lord who smote the foes,
Praise the Lord who conquering rose ;
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

He has borne our righteous doom,
Who has left the new-made tomb—
Carry pardon's gladsome sound
On to earth's remotest bound :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

Now may ransomed sinners sing :
Conquered Death, where is thy sting ?
Grave, where is thy victory ?
Join in sweetest melody :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

Onwards on the pilgrim way,
In the light of Sabbath-day—

Angel chorus lead the song,
Joinèd by the martyr throng :
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

Till in brightest light above
We repeat that theme of love—
Stay Thou with us, gracious Lord,
By Thy Spirit, in Thy Word ;
Christ is risen to-day,
See where Jesus lay.
Hallelujah !

ST. BERNARD, *translated by the*

REV. DR. EDERSHÉIM.

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER
DAY.

THE world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are rising, too.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the Lord !

There stood three Marys by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly :
With loving but with erring mind
They come the Prince of Life to find.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the Lord !

But earlier still the angel sped,
His words of comfort giving;
"And why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
The risen Jesus lives again
To save the souls of sinful men.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
The Lord is risen, as all things tell:
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

ANONYMOUS.

SEE THE LAND HER EASTER KEEP-
ING.

SEE the Land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose ;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter's snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices ;
Fields and gardens hail the spring ;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted,—
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring,—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EASTER DAY.

CHRIST has risen ! let the tidings
Sweep thro' heaven and earth and sea
He hath burst the gloomy prison,
Bound the jailor, walked forth free.
At a touch the gates He shattered,
Rent in twain the brazen bars ;
Spoiled the spoiler of his trophies.
Shout for joy, ye morning stars !

Now the Saviour's tomb is empty,
Angels sit beside the door ;
Death, the Tyrant, could not hold Him,
And He wakes to sleep no more.
Christ is risen ! Raise the Anthem,
Spread the news with bliss so rife,
For the earth in all its aspects
Is transfigured like our life.

Wipe the eyes all blind with weeping,
Chase the sorrow from the heart,
We shall rise, for Christ is risen,
Scorn we then death's bitter dart ;
Them that sleeping rest in Jesus
'Neath the shadow of His wing,
When Creation's Easter dawneth,
At His coming God will bring.

And our loved ones whom we buried
In earth's dark and silent womb,
They shall hear the trumpet sounding,
Calling all from out the tomb ;
Not then with despairing sorrow
Do we mourn those gone before,
They are ours and we shall clasp them
On the calm Eternal shore.

Ah, 'twould break the heart with sorrow
If our human life's bright stream,

In the sea of death had ending,
 Flashed and vanished like a dream!

But the empty tomb assures us
 Christ has left that lowly bed:

Is the first ripe sheaf of harvest—
 Is the firstborn from the dead.

Calmly we will walk the valley,
Pass along the shadowed way ;
For, though gloom and darkness haunt it,
Leads it to a glorious day.
Raise we then the joyous chorus,
This exultant song we sing :
Grave, where is thy boasted triumph ?
And, O Death, where is thy sting ?
Hallelujah ! Amen.

REV. CHARLES D. BELL.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

THE Living One hath died !
Upon the altar bleeds the sacrifice ;
The Lamb without a blemish and a spot
Upon that altar lies.
In love that death He died,
For us the everlasting work was done ;
And in that death of death our death He slew,
The Life our life hath won !
O Life ! O Light ! how vast a debt to Thee,
What praise we owe for such a victory !

The Light of life hath risen !
All splintered lies the mortal prison-bar
That tried to fetter the Almighty Life,
And bind the Morning Star !
That Star hath risen, and shines
In ever-widening brightness in yon sky ;

Fairest and sweetest, never more to set,
Or leave its home on high.

O Star of stars, O Light of lights, shed down
Thy splendor here, unrivalled and alone !

No darkness now we dread,
No sickness and no death or death-bed
gloom ;

The risen Light has lighted up our sky,
The risen Life our tomb.

Night, whither art thou gone ?
We look for thee, but only find the day ;
Thy canopy of tempest and of cloud
Has passed in light away.

O death, O night, forever, ever past !
Morn of the living, Thou hast come at last !

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
As blossoms, songs of birds, and green turf springing, - - - - -	49
Bright day of freedom, Easter Day, - - - - -	24
Broken is death's portal, - - - - -	38
Christ hath risen ! What, to me, - - - - -	29
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen ! - - - - -	20
Come, see the place where Jesus lay, - - - - -	27
Darlings of June and brides of summer sun, - - - - -	34
Easter Day, - - - - -	86
“Easter !” she said, in grave, but childish way, - - - - -	69
Exult, O bright heaven, - - - - -	18
Five times, sweet heart, have song-birds said, - - - - -	52
Golden light streaks early day, - - - - -	80
Had I been there, when Christ our Lord lay sleeping, - - - - -	40
Hail, Day of Days ! - - - - -	9
He folded his hands across his breast, - - - - -	54

	PAGE
In the far-off land of the sunrise,	- - 46
I say to all men, far and near,	- - 72
Lift up, lift up, your voices now,	- - 62
“Life for us is in His dying,”	- - 64
Oh, rouse thee, earth, and robe thyself !	- - 32
O risen Christ ! Thou art the Door,	- - 45
Ring out, sweet Easter bells, ring out !	- - 7
See the land her Easter keeping,	- - 85
Shout aloud, O earth and heaven !	- - 22
Tell all the world the Lord is risen,	- - 11
Thank God for the dear ones safe to-day !	- - 36
The icy arms of Winter half unclose,	- - 15
The light of Life,	- - - - - 89
The Lord is risen ! From out the garden tomb,	- - - - - - - 16
The world for the dead Christ weepeth,	- - 67
The world itself keeps Easter Day,	- - 83
’Twas night ! still night !	- - - - - 75
Very early in the morning,	- - - - - 13
What, if the earth hath seen no Easter Day	- - 57
Where lay the stone in Joseph’s garden fair,	- - 59



